

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER!

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“ The time will come, when their whole system will shake to its foundation. Then, when their now-saucy faces shall be as long as my arm, when their knees will knock together and their teeth chatter in their heads. Then shall I, holding these predictions up under their noses, laugh them to scorn. They are now insolent oppressors, and nobody feels the weight of their scourge more than I do. But, the day of their degradation and of my triumph will come.”—*Register, written in Long Island, 15th July, 1818.*

FEAST OF THE GRIDIRON.

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TO THE
GOOD MEN OF BOLTON.

Kensington, 19th April, 1826.
MY FRIENDS,

I HAVE seen, in the BOLTON CHRONICLE, an account of your Feast of the Gridiron; and, surely, when we look back to your Petition of 1816, and also to the imprisonment of Mr. HAYES, merely for announcing to you that I had arrived at Liverpool in good health, none of my friends, in any part of the country, can have more just grounds for rejoicing than you. This, however, is only the beginning of our triumphs over

that fatal system, which has, at last, reduced thousands upon thousands so nearly to starvation, that even the vile wretches, who have supported the system and calumniated us, now tell us, that the poor, in the North, are, in some cases, eating horse-flesh and draf^f, which latter means the husks of the malt, after beer has been made from it. Other triumphs, and of a much more decided character are to come.

In the meanwhile, let us take care to put upon record an account of our present rejoicings; for, great are the advantages of not forgetting. The Register has been our book of record. Never was there so efficient a weapon against folly, imposture, and oppression. The “historian” of the Register era will hardly be able to lie, though he hold a bribe in both his hands, and have a bridle

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



in his mouth. This was very well known to those, who thought that they had "*extinguished the torch for ever*," when they had made it so difficult to cause this "torch" to be seen by the people.

A very fair account of our Feast, in London, has been published in several of the newspapers; but, as the report given in the MORNING HERALD appears to me to be the fullest, I shall insert that, with a few trifling corrections, wondering that so very few are necessary. Let me, however, before I proceed to this insertion, make a remark or two on some circumstances attending this FEAST; and, particularly as to the *number of persons present*, and to Mr. CARLILE having been one of those persons, which last circumstance has become a matter of more importance, seeing that you, in holding this Feast, made him one of your *toasts*, without, I am very certain, your knowing any thing of his present proceedings.

With regard to the number of persons present at the Feast, there were, I believe, 250 tickets sold. The company consisted, probably, of more than 300; and, at any rate, the room would not have conveniently contained any more than there were. The price of the dinner ticket (12s. 6d.) was high; and, I requested, that, on no account, there should be any *advertisement* of the Feast, *except in the Register itself*; I being resolved to owe, in this particular case, nothing to any other part of the press. As far as we could judge, more than two-thirds of the company came from the country, some from more than two hundred miles' distance. Certainly

greater harmony, more unmixed satisfaction, never prevailed amongst any assemblage of men. It was observed by many, that they never before heard so many, such long-continued, such loud and such hearty peals of *laughter*. That was just what I wanted. It was an occasion for laughter, and our friends, who made the arrangements, very judiciously placed this scene of laughter and exultation (London Tavern) as near as possible to the house of the OLD LADY and to the hell of the Jews and Jobbers. When public dinners are to be *got up*, the usual way is, for a parcel of men to meet, to agree to *take each so many tickets*; then they call themselves STEWARDS; these Stewards dispose of the tickets amongst the friends that they can muster, and, very frequently, they *give them away*; in short, they go out to the "highways and hedges" and get the guests to come in. Did my friends resort to tricks like this? Never. The dinner was bespoken. The tickets were sold at the Tavern and at my shop. I bought my own ticket as other people did; no *solicitation* of any sort was employed. All were *real volunteers*, not volunteers like many that we have seen, from fear of injury or hope of reward.

Our *toasts* had something of real originality in them. We could toast the *King* in a manner that bespoke our sense, and not our folly, and that contained nothing of that fulsome adulation, which we invariably see in the commonplace trash of the day. Accordingly, very great was the effect even of these toasts, the very reading of which drew forth marks of approbation, which, I say it

without affectation, were far greater than the reader merited. In short, this Feast, the account of it remaining upon record, as it will, will be long remembered, as a sign of these critical, and most interesting times.

Now, I come to the second point, with regard to which I meant to offer you some remarks, namely, the presence of Mr. CARLILE at this meeting. The newspapers, every newspaper that made any mention of the meeting, seemed to lay particular stress upon this circumstance; a circumstance which I should have noticed, even if you had not given Mr. CARLILE as a *toast*, at your Feast of the Gridiron; but, seeing that you did it, it becomes absolutely necessary for me not to hold my tongue upon the subject.

You will recollect, my friends, that, from the first appearance of MALTHUS's odious work on population, very few months have passed without my expressing my disapprobation of that work, and my abhorrence of the unnatural and beastly result to produce which it had a tendency. Some of you will remember that I had not forgotten this abominable work while I was in a state of voluntary exile. From Long Island I addressed a letter to the hard-hearted author, and told him of the consequences to which his endeavours must ultimately lead. Suffer me to give a short history of the steps which have led to the odious and filthy result of which I am about to speak as connected with the conduct of Mr. CARLILE, who may pass for a disciple of Malthus and his followers, if he will; but who, I am resolved, shall not pass for a *disciple of mine*.

It is well known, that the misery of the labouring people has gone on rapidly increasing during the last thirty years. Somewhat more than twenty years ago, Malthus (*a parson of the Church of England*) wrote a book, the objects of which were; first, to cause it to be believed, that this misery of the common people had not arisen at all from the enormous taxation, and the beggaring effects of paper-money and funding, but from the fault of the people themselves *in breeding too fast!* Monstrous idea! An idea that never entered into the brains of mortal before. Monstrous as it was, however, it took the fancy of a great many of those who wished their rents not to be diminished by poor-rates! And the work was patronised by them to an almost unbounded extent. Malthus proposed, as a remedy, that any persons who *married* after the passing of an act which he proposed to be passed, should *never after receive parochial relief*, but be left to suffer from hunger and cold; that *all children*, the fruit of such marriages, should also be excluded from parochial relief; and (I pray you mark this well) that all *illegitimate children*, born after the passing of this act, should also be excluded from parochial relief!

This was his remedy; and he talked in a sort of blind and indistinct manner of *checking population by what he called "moral restraints."* Now, you will please to observe that the word *moral* does not mean that the restraint should have any thing to do with what we call *morality*; that is to say, it does not necessarily mean that. It means a restraint pro-

ceeding *from reason and reflection*; that is to say, that people ought to restrain themselves from marrying and having children, until they were *quite certain* of having the means to subsist them through life, without the aid of charity or of the parish.

The absurdity of this doctrine I have shewn upon many occasions, and shall not repeat my arguments here. Absurd as it was, however, it soon found numerous disciples, particularly amongst those *who had to pay the poor-rates*; and who wished to have the rents without any participation by those, whose labour alone made the land worth any thing at all. "*Surplus population*" became, as the French used to call it, "*the order of the day*." No small part of the land-owners, and the whole of the tax-eaters, ascribed the misery of the labourers *to the breeding of their wives*. All were for reducing the amount of the poor-rates; and to hear many of the babblers in Parliament, who would not have thought that the labouring classes of the people had set to work to breed children for the purpose of devouring the rents and disabling the landlords to pay their funded and unfunded debt?

"*Surplus population: a check to population*"! These were continually in the mouths of those who were devouring the fruits of the labour of the people; who were swallowing between fifty and sixty millions a year in taxes, and as much more drawn away by the jugglery of paper-money. Malthus talked about "*moral restraint*." He did not proceed so far as to point out the *precise nature* of this restraint; he did not tell you precisely how men and women were

to live, and children were to be prevented from being born; but he laid down *the principle*, and he proposed a *punishment* for what he called the *indiscreet breeders of children*! He very unequivocally stated that there was a *natural tendency* in man, *in common with other animals*, to multiply beyond the means of sustenance which the earth produces; and that, therefore, there *must be checks to breeding*. He left the matter thus; and, when he was applauded; when the walls of the Parliament House rang with that applause; when every babbler who talked about "*surplus population*" was encouraged and applauded; was it not natural, that, at last, some one would be found, base and indecent enough to point out the *mechanical means* to be made use of by women to put a stop to, or a check upon, that evil, as it was called, the *surplus breeding of children*? In the Reports of the Agricultural Committee of 1821, we find that almost all the witnesses have put to them, and the Committee, questions of this sort: "*Do you find that early marriages amongst the labourers are a great cause of the increase of Poor-rates?*" The committee, moved for by **LORD JOHN RUSSEL**, and of which he was chairman, in 1824, repeatedly put this same question. The Members, in the House itself, for years, harped upon *the evil of early marriages amongst the common people*; and, at last, **LAWYER SCARLETT** actually brought in a Bill, one of the objects of which was to prevent "*indiscreet marriages*" amongst the labouring class. This Bill, which was assailed by me the moment it made its appear-

ance, was finally rejected ; but it shewed to what lengths the notions of men had been carried with regard to this doctrine of "surplus population."

Amidst all this, and amidst something rather more than *broad hints*, contained in the writings of the Scotch *feelosophers*, not excepting the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ; amidst all this, it is not so very surprising that a monster should at last be found in the shape of man, to recommend to the wives and daughters of the labouring classes *the means of putting Malthus's principle in practice* ; that is to say, should recommend to them the means of living in a state of marriage, should even recommend to them to indulge themselves to the utmost extent without being married, should recommend to them the horrible means of thus living and thus indulging, without the "inconveniences," as the monster calls it, of being mothers ! Monstrous as this is, diabolical as the wretch must be, loathsome and disgusting as it must be, there was a wretch found to put such instructions upon paper, and to cause them to be widely circulated amongst the manufacturers of the North ! I have once or twice spoken of this horrible production. I now find that there were *three* separate productions of this sort, all proceeding from the same source. They appeared in the shape of *handbills*, without any printer's name. The villainous author being afraid of the consequences of tracing them to him. At last, however, a man is found to put his name to a publication, containing not only these three handbills, but great additions to them, strongly incul-

eating the use of the means ; openly and avowedly teaching young women to be prostitutes before they are married, and in a way *so as not to prevent their future marriage*, to which publication is prefixed, most appropriately, the figures of a man and woman in a state of *perfect nakedness*, the instructions being conveyed in terms so filthy, so disgusting, so beastly, as to shock the mind of even the lewdest of men and women. There has been a man found to do even this ; thus to follow up the principle of Malthus, improved by the Scotch *feelosophers* ; a man has been found to exhibit this abominable work, in open day, in a shop window in London ; and this man is that very **RICHARD CARLILE**, who, the newspapers say, was at our Feast of the Gridiron, and whom you toasted at your's.

Now, my friends, I sincerely believe that this man is only an *instrument* in the hands of others. He says, in this abominable publication, that he was three years before he could bring his mind to be thus instrumental ; that for one year he was afraid of thinking of the matter ; that it is not his plan ; that it was not sought after by him ; that it was submitted to his consideration by others. Who those others are, I shall, perhaps, hereafter have to state ; but I have thought it my duty to give you this warning, to endeavour to guard your daughters against these most diabolical precepts ; and, at any rate, to call upon you to recall your toast to **RICHARD CARLILE**, or to receive my disclaimer of the toasts which you were kind enough to give in behalf of me and those who belong to me.

I hope, and I believe, that you

testable publication. I can easily believe this; for, I assure you, upon my honour, that I never so much as heard of it until Saturday last, two days after the Feast of the Gridiron, when I was told of it by a gentleman, who is a very sincere friend of mine, and who had read in the newspapers, an account of CARLILE having been at the dinner, at which he expressed his regret. Hence arose a description of the work given to me by this gentleman. If I had known of the work on the day of the dinner, I would have spoken of it to the Gentlemen present as I have now spoken of it to you, and I would have concluded by declaring that he should instantly quit the room, or that I would; for however humble an instrument he may be in so diabolical a work, the bare sitting with him in the same room I should have deemed an act of infamy; and, gentlemen, let me tell you plainly, that I disclaim your toasts, I reject your friendship, I scorn your applause, unless, having this information given, you publicly retract your toast of Richard Carlile.

To my utter astonishment, I find that this abominable publication has been suffered quietly to proceed for the space of about *six months*. Let it proceed; let those who approve of it tolerate and encourage it; let the applauders of Malthus, whom Carlile quotes as one of his *authorities*; let all those who impute the sufferings of the people to "*surplus population*"; let these enemies of reform and patrons of taxation and paper-money; let these toast RICHARD CARLILE;

let them claim him as theirs; I hope he will be none of yours, and I am resolved that he shall be none of mine. I am resolved that these enemies of the people shall not fasten upon me the instruments which they employ for the carrying on of their work. I contend, and I have always contended, that it is the taxes and the paper-money that cause the sufferings of the working people. In every work of my writing have I introduced this opinion. The consumers of taxes, the fatteners upon paper-money; these devourers of the fruit of the people's labour, cannot deny the existence of misery amongst the labouring people; but they endeavour to cause it to be believed, that the misery arises from the labouring people having too many children, and in the promulgation of this unnatural, this monstrous doctrine, Richard Carlile is their impious instrument. Let, therefore, the eaters of taxes and the fatteners upon paper-money, *take him to themselves*; he belongs to them and to them exclusively; by them, again I say, let him be cherished and supported; again I say, that I hope you will not own him as belonging to you, and I repeat my resolution that he shall be known not to belong to me. Curious it is, and worthy of pointed attention: that this CARLILE, who has just been released from a prison, to which he was sentenced partly on account of alleged *sedition and blasphemy*, should now, for six months, have been openly publishing the most obscene, the most beastly book, a book openly, and in so many words, advising young girls to prostitute their persons before

marriage, and pointing out in terms the most filthy, the means by which they may do it *without the danger of being mothers* : it is curious, that this man should now have *done this quietly for six months* ; but, it is still more worthy of remark, that, in this work, HE QUOTES MALTHUS (a parson of the *Church established by law*) as one of his AUTHORITIES for what he is doing !

I have heard (for I never even saw him that I know of), that CARLILE is nearly a madman. But, those who have set him to work are not mad. Those who have been at the expense of circulating hundreds of thousands of the "check-population" hand-bills, are not mad. Those, who were *three years* at work upon him to get him to do this thing, are not mad. Who these his advisers and supporters are we shall, I dare say, find out at last. He is a tool, a poor, half-mad tool, of *the enemies of reform*. He wants no reform, for the end of his abominable book, is, to shew, that the sufferings of the people *do not arise from the want of reform* ; but from the " *indiscreet breeding* " of *the women* ! And yet, you *toast* him, and that, too, on an occasion like this !

I shall now insert, the account of our Festival, as I find that account in the *Morning Herald* newspaper, with the trifling corrections that I have mentioned above ; and, in the hope that you will agree with me with regard to what I have already said in the above paragraphs, I conclude with subscribing myself

Your faithful friend and
most obedient Servant,
WM. COBBETT.

FEAST OF THE GRIDIRON.

Yesterday, the Feast of the Gridiron was held at the London Tavern. About two hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner.

Mr. COBBETT took the chair shortly after five o'clock, amidst great applause, Sir T. Beevor being on his right hand, and his three sons in front of the chair.

The following placard was posted in the room :—

PEEL'S BILL.

" This Bill was grounded on *concurrent Reports* of both Houses ; it was passed by *unanimous votes* of both Houses ; it was, at the close of the Session, a subject of high eulogium in the Speaker's Speech to the Regent, and in the Regent's Speech to the two Houses : now, then, I, William Cobbett, assert, that, to carry this Bill into effect is *impossible* ; and I say, that, if this Bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castle-reagh leave to lay me on a *Gridiron* and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans." — Taken from Cobbett's Register, written at North Hempstead, Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, and published in England in November, 1819.

The Small-Note Bill, passed in 1822, partly repealed Peel's Bill, before the day for its going into full effect : and, in December, 1825, the one-pound notes of the Bank of England came out again. — So that here was the above prophecy completely fulfilled.

Mr. Carlile, of the Republican, attended. He wore an *immense shirt collar*, and instead of a cravat, had on a narrow velvet band, connected in front by a gold clasp. He preserved a silence during the evening.

Shortly after the cloth was removed, Mr. Trant, M. P., entered the room, ushered by the landlord. He made the circuit of the tables, evidently for the purpose of catching a sight of Mr. Cobbett, and quickly retired.

After dinner Mr. COBBETT got upon the table, and was received with loud and continued applause. He then addressed the Meeting as follows :—

Gentlemen,—It is impossible for me to proceed with the address I am about to make, till I have begged of you to accept of my best thanks for the kind manner in which you have received my invitation. Gentlemen, the question upon which we are met is somewhat out of the ordinary course, and therefore the mode of proceeding must be out of course also. In general, a proceeding of this sort commences by drinking the health of the person who intends to address the Meeting. That may be dispensed with on this occasion, because I am about to address you under very peculiar circumstances. Therefore, Gentlemen, I shall now proceed to the address. I shall, I am afraid, tire you before I have done.—(No, no.) I sincerely say that, and without affectation, because it is my wish, and it is my intention, to say a great deal more than, I am afraid, I can reasonably expect you to have the patience to hear.—(No, no.) Gentlemen, we are met to celebrate what has been long talked of, “The Feast of the *Gridiron*.” Before I have done, I shall endeavour to give a short history of the use, of the origin, and of the application of that word to politics; but, first of all, let me congratulate you all upon this occasion; let me rejoice with you; let me express my own joy particularly, that so many gentlemen are present to join with me in expressing exultation at what we now behold, in expressing exultation at the triumph of our principles, in expressing exultation at the triumph of reason, of truth, and of public spirit, over folly, falsehood and greedy selfishness. Gentlemen, such is the subject of our triumph. We have been accused beforehand of exulting at the distress and misery of our country. That sacred word country—so dear, and so justly dear to English-

men, in all times, has been made use of, of late, for very bad purposes. Every one calls his own cause, the cause of the country; every set of rooks that know themselves to be insolvent, and that issue rags for the purpose of cheating the community—every band of robbers of that description call themselves “the country;” others call themselves “the country” who advocated what took place at Manchester in 1819. Even they call themselves “the country.” The Cotton Lords call themselves “the country;” the Jews and Jobbers call themselves “the country.” In short, attack any thing, however wicked, however atrocious, however base beyond description, and the parties concerned in that thing, the parties interested in it, call themselves “the country.” You attack the country if you attack them. Gentlemen, are the makers of paper-money any more our country—are these “rooks” any more our country, than the rooks in a peafield are the *farm*? Is a gamekeeper, when his heart leaps with joy at having a pole-cat in his trap, to be accused of exulting at the distresses of the *manor*? I am sure you will agree with me that a pole-cat is as much the *manor*, and the rooks in a peafield as much the *farm*, as these venders of paper-money are that of Old England, which was once so happy, and that now has been rendered so miserable, by these rooks and their practices.—(Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, we rejoice at the distress of nobody; we exult at the distress of nobody; we lament very much indeed the sufferings of those classes of the community who had it not in their power, from their situation in life, from the state of their knowledge, to be aware of the nature of that horrid system of which they have been the victims. We all of us regret that most deeply; we regret the fate of the farmers and tradesmen, who have, unjustly, been ruined by the paper-money. We regret that many an innocent man and his fa-

mily has been brought to ruin, not knowing the nature of the thing that produced the ruin; we regret the failure and the fate of those persons; but, Gentlemen, far be it from me to express regret for those bands of robbers who have caused this ruin to the country, or for any persons connected with them, particularly if they belong to those who have so often rejoiced in the injuries done to the people—the injuries done to public liberty. If we are called upon to be so extremely compassionate on this occasion; if we are called upon not to indulge in exultation even at the triumph of our own principles, though those principles be so just; if we are called upon for that, have we not a right to ask how the sons and daughters of corruption conducted themselves, when they saw what they thought was a triumph over the liberties of their country? Have we not a right to remember their day of rejoicing? Their conduct at the termination of the war, when they thought the victory had been obtained, not over the enemies of England, but over the liberties of England? (Loud applause.) With what insolence they taunted us with the success of their allies? The success of that cause which has now produced their own ruin (we are not to forget that), and yet they now say you must not triumph, you must not exult, you must not meet together and exult at the success of your principles, and the verifications of your prophecies, lest it should be interpreted into an exultation at our distresses occasioned by ourselves. If the evil had been one which was beyond human control or prevention; if it were a thing that nothing could prevent; if no human means could have any weight in preventing the approach of the evil; or if it be to be prevented by human means, and if I say nothing to prevent it, then, when the evil comes, it is very unjust in me to rejoice; and I ought to restrain my exultation, even at the fulfilment of my own predictions: but when the contrary of all

this is the case, when the evil might have been prevented by human means; when there were not only sufficient means to prevent it, but those means were pointed out, and clearly pointed out, long before the evil approached; and when, in addition to all this, those who pointed it out were calumniated, reproached, scorned, injured in all manner of ways that can be expressed; hunted out of society, where it was possible; pretty nearly ruined in some cases, and quite ruined in others; and that too, only because they predicted the evil would come, and pointed out the means of prevention—when that is the case (and that is our case) shall it be said we are to be so over delicate on this occasion, that we are to shed tears of compassion, and utter sighs, and be silent?—(Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I am not made of that metal, and I trust that you are not either. (Applause.) The time is come that our predictions are fulfilled. We have the right in any way, and we have the power to do it,—to express our exultation that our principles have been recognised by events however disastrous, since we did all in our power to prevent the coming of those events. Gentlemen, after this, I shall proceed, to the best of my ability, to state to you the evils of this cursed system of paper-money—to shew you how it produces poverty,—to shew you that poverty (as indeed we all know) produces crime; and to shew, by the history of the Acts of Parliament, which I will take, if you please, to be necessary, (and the more necessary the worse it is for the character of the system) how the paper-money has at last produced nearly as much slavery in England as exists in any other country on the face of the earth. Gentlemen, in the first place, upon the bare look at the thing, we all must know, that what is got by the paper-money makers, must be lost by somebody; somebody must lose what they get. By the note I took the other day to Gurney's bank at

Norwich, the issuers of it cleared (provided it was out all the time) $4l.$ $13s.$ $2d.$; and if every $10l.$ note was to clear as much as that, what a loss is there? Somebody must pay that. Would it not be better, therefore, for us to trust to the coin made by the King, the coin which lasts for ages,—the coin which I allow to be bought, in the first place by the community, but still a coin that is made only by the Government—which circulates every where, is of the same value every where, costs nothing more, and does not wear out: in short, history shews, that from the time of the paper-money the mass of the people has been growing poorer and poorer, till at last they have been reduced to a state of misery such as never was known in England, nor any country on the earth that I have been able to discover, except poor Ireland itself.—(Loud applause.) We were only yesterday told by Sir Robert Peel, that it is a *family concern*, that all the taxes, the loans, and all the money got by bank paper is a *family concern*—that we pay it *by ourselves to ourselves*—(laughter); and that when the tax-gatherer comes to one of you for the tax he is *not taking it out of the family*. (Laughter.) He is only taking it to be used for the good of the family. That is Sir Robert Peel's idea. His words are these—“The loan becomes a debt due from ourselves to ourselves, and *resolves itself into a family account*.”—(Laughter.) That is the general notion of all that part of the family that gets by it.—(Applause.) But the best possible illustration perhaps of the matter would be, to suppose that when the dinner was put on the table to-day, the waiters had taken all the dinner off *that* table, and put it on *the other*, and the same with regard to the wines; leaving only the nuts and bits of bread. This is just what is done by the *family account*! That is the manner of working of the system of paper-money and the taxes. The very nature of their operation must neces-

sarily be to take from one part of the community and give it to another part; and it unhappily happens, that they take from that part which does the work, and give it to that part which does no work at all. It takes from the industrious tradesman, from the frugal man who is saving every thing he can that his family may not want; the taxes and paper money take from him, and give to somebody who does not work at all, but squanders the money away. That is the family system. That is the way this system of paper money has worked from the time it was first established till the present hour; but more particularly of late, when its operation has become 10, 20, or 40 times what it was at any other period. But we are told that the people are not so poor as you imagine; they are not worse off than they were formerly. The first proof to the contrary is this:—In Berkshire, in 1790, a certain rate of allowance was fixed on by the Magistrates for the labouring men out of any other employment, but that found by the parish. Gentlemen, there is an allowance granted in Berkshire by the Magistrates now, men in the same situation, and that allowance which these Magistrates have fixed now, is just half what it was in the year 1790. Therefore in 35 years, 36 at most, the people of this country have got poorer by one half, more miserable by one half, than they were at the beginning of that period. Gentlemen, Berkshire is a singularly humane county, the Magistrates are more gentle there perhaps, and more humane than in any other county in England, and yet such is the case there. I could instance other counties in which the poor are much more hardly off. In the same county, the allowance to the felon in the jail is greater than that to the parish-labourer out of jail! What think you of this, when you recollect that the fate of our country, its honour, its independence, the happiness of ourselves and our children, depend on the fate of the labouring people.—

(Loud applause). They who are so numerous, and so well entitled to all our best feelings, if they be reduced to such penury as to be better off in prison than working in the fields, what safety is there for any tradesman, or any farmer's property? what safety, finally, is there to be for the landlord's estate; the poor cannot be deterred by whipping, treadmills, or any thing they can inflict by way of punishment. Gentlemen, I wish to speak with great correctness upon this occasion. I wish to speak in a manner that no one can contradict. Another striking proof of this wretched poverty is the declaration of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench. Last year a complaint was made against the same Magistrates of Northallerton, in Yorkshire, for having allowed nothing but bread and water to a person who was confined on suspicion, and before he was brought to trial. It was said by those who made the complaint, that a man was presumed to be innocent till he was found guilty, that that was the principle of our law, and that it was very hard that a man should be sentenced to bread and water, gaol allowance, until he had been tried and found guilty; and so it was very hard, Gentlemen. The Judges answered, and they answered with great truth, or at least they put the question, which amounted to a declaration—whether *bread and water was not the common food of the labourers of England?* Their Lordships said that the man was as well fed as the commonalty of people out of gaol, and finally they refused the application which was made to them. But the thing for us to bear in mind is this:—that the four Judges of the Court of King's Bench, full of humanity and integrity, as I really believe them to be, and speaking truth, as I really believe them to have spoken, asked, sitting on the Bench, whether the common food of the labourers of England was not bread and water alone? (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, in the year 1821 there was a Committee of the House of

Commons, appointed to inquire into the state of agriculture. I don't believe the Hon. House meant to inquire into much, besides that which related to the payment or getting the payment of rents. (A laugh). Their chief object was to ascertain how rents were to be got while prices were low. In the course of their inquiries, some Member of the Committee asked a gentleman of the name of Hanning, then late Sheriff of Wiltshire, how the poor labourers lived in Wiltshire, and whether their state was changed from that of the former state? And now, Gentlemen, I will read to you what was said, in answer to that question; I choose to read it from the book, though it may occupy a little more of your time, rather than trust to my memory. The question was, "Has there been any change in the food of labourers?" The answer is, "Unquestionably. I see the labourers now almost wholly supplied with potatoes. Their breakfasts and dinners are brought to them in the fields, and they are *nothing but potatoes.*" This, Gentlemen, was a Sheriff of the County of Wilts, the year before, a landholder and a great farmer. The next question is, "Were they in the habit, in better times, of consuming a certain quantity of animal food?" Answer—"Certainly—for instance, bacon and cheese, *which they do not now get.*" Gentlemen, I read this because it is undeniable; it is one of themselves that states the fact, and for my part, I cannot think how an English gentleman could go in patience about his fields, and see his labourers live upon potatoes—breakfasts and dinners nothing but potatoes. How comfortable and warm they must have been! what nourishment for a poor fellow, who has to tramp eight miles a day, through heavy land, holding the plough besides! What a state he must go home in at night! This is the reason we see them such skeletons as they are, dressed in such rags as they are, more miser-

able than any people on the face of the whole earth, Ireland alone excepted. (Hear, hear.) Potatoes being the food, let us see what the drink is. Mr. Elman, a farmer in Sussex for 45 years, was examined by the Committee. They asked him, "When you first began business were your labourers in the daily habit of drinking beer?" His answer is—"Yes, always." They ask him, "Has that practice ceased altogether, or does it prevail in part now?" Answer—"It has ceased generally; when I first began farming in the parish where I now reside, there was not a single family in the parish that did not brew their own beer, and enjoy it by their own fire-side. Now none of them can do it unless I give them the malt." How often Mr. Elman gave them the malt I cannot say. (A laugh.) I am not supposing that he never did; but I dare say they were not a very great number to whom he gave the malt. Is it possible for us to look at this without being convinced there has been some great cause producing those evils in our country? England was formerly famed for being the country for good things. It was famed for its freedom—it was famed for its industry, its wool, its cloth; it was famed for many good things, but for nothing more than its good living. It was the country of good living. The saying used to be, "If you take an Englishman to fight, let his belly be full."—(A laugh.) Nothing can be greater praise than this. That is poor courage which proceeds from hunger. Such was the country. Such was the state of things not a great while ago. In old times, indeed, that state was still better than it has been for more than a century. An Act passed in the reign of Henry VIII. to regulate the price of meat in England. It was not to be sold for more than a certain sum. The Act enumerates the sorts of meat which the poor were accustomed to eat: it mentions pork, beef, mutton, and veal; and then, after enacting the

prices they should be at, it says, "these being the food of the poorer sort of people."—(Loud applause.) Gentlemen, ten thousand witnesses would not bring conviction to my mind on this subject, equal to that produced by these casual words, because it being so incidentally mentioned, it must have been true; it must have been the general practice of the country "for the poorer sort of people" to eat of these four sorts of meat. Gentlemen, at this very moment, whilst I am addressing you, there is not one man out of fifty who labours in agriculture, who tastes meat once in ten days, unless he gets it from some preserve or some warren. A Clergyman in Suffolk, describing the state of the people, says, "What they receive is barely sufficient to furnish them with food necessary for their existence; nothing is left for clothing, firing, rent, or any thing else." After that, the Clergyman proceeds to describe, as I will read to you by-and-by, the state of morality and honesty in which the common people of Suffolk were the year before last. It was in 1824 he gave his evidence. But, Gentlemen, if a man can be better fed in a gaol, better clothed he is certainly, than he can be by working in the fields; if the Magistrates of Berkshire allow a greater quantity of bread to a man in gaol as a felon, than to an honest man working for the parish on the road or elsewhere, who would be an honest man?—(A laugh.) Is it not impossible that there can be what is called morality and honesty in a country in such a state? It is poverty that begets the crime: poverty is the source of crime, and not, as some would have us believe, crime the source of poverty. How is it that we find less crime, that is to say, less larceny, among Lords and Members of Parliament?—(Applause and laughter.) I do not know that their principles of religion are any thing better than those of the common people. They have the same Church, the same Testament, and the same Bible,

but we never hear of their committing petty larceny; and we must find them committing larceny now and then, before I shall be made to believe that poverty does not cause crime. When a man, the other day, was prosecuted before the Justices of the Peace in Lancashire, for poaching, and was sentenced to seven years' *transportation* by those Magistrates, having, most likely, encroached on the game of some Magistrate; what did he do? Was he ashamed? No. He turned round and said, "So much the better, and now you may all go to h—l."—(A laugh.) It was not unreasonable for him to say so. If he had staid at home to work, he would, (according to what I have stated of Berkshire,) have got less provision than in gaol. Gentlemen, in 1821 or 1822, I will not be sure which, one or the other I am sure it was, Mr. Curwen, the Member for Carlisle, presented a petition from some persons in the North, where they are particularly honest, concluding, after stating their mode of life, after stating what they constantly underwent, how tired they were of leading such a miserable life, and being exposed to punishment so incessantly from attempts to satisfy their hunger; concluding, I say, with a prayer to the Honourable House, "that it would please, in its mercy, to order them to be transported for life!"—(Hear.) I must have been dreaming, or this was true. I could not dare to stand up before you in England, while the record of it is but two miles off, if it were not so. When, therefore, people petition to be transported, can you expect any thing else than immorality and crime? Accordingly the state of the labouring classes is what I will read to you from the evidence of a Rector, of some living in Suffolk, the Rev. Anthony Collett; he says, that in the generality of parishes from 40 to 50 labourers are loitering about during the day, engaged in idle games—(they may as well play as work for nothing), consuming their time in sleep, in

order that they may be more ready and active in the hour of darkness.—(Hear, hear.) Mr. Collett gives a reason for this, which is quite satisfactory to me. He says their weekly allowance cannot supply more than their food comes to. How, then, are clothing, firing, and rent, to be provided for? He answers this question thus:—"by *robbery and plunder*."—(Hear, hear.) This is the country, Gentlemen, where once a gaol was sufficient for three or four counties.—(Hear, hear.) This clergyman states, that the corn sold by sample in the market by the small farmers is of such qualities, that competent judges have assured him it must have been stolen from many different farms, and could not have been produced on their occupations. Disgraceful as these facts are, I could enumerate many similar instances, to prove the degree of misery to which the labouring population has been reduced. Mr. Collett says it is utterly impossible for any man in the world to provide a remedy to make them any better; they are absolutely incurable. That is given to a Committee of the House of Commons by a Clergyman of England—I have no doubt every word of it is true. But I cannot say I have no doubt of the truth of it, without blushing for my country, when I consider what my country formerly was; and without endeavouring myself, and calling on every man to assist in every way he is able, to restore the country to something like the happiness it formerly enjoyed. Gentlemen, what endeavours have been used by our Legislature to remedy this? When misery like this is proved to be in existence—when it is proved to exist in the degree I have described to you, what ought the Legislature to think of it?—What ought it to do to put an end to this? Ought it not to inquire into the cause of that poverty and misery, and then to set to work to render the poverty and misery less? When Mr. Ellman gave the evidence he did, is

there a man of you, if you had been of the Committee of the House of Commons—if you had been in the House when you heard the Report read—who would not have said, “What! all brewed their own beer 45 years ago, and none of them do it now!—Surely I must set to work and find out the cause, and do something to make them brew their own beer again.” Is not that the natural march of men’s minds? Is not that what any of you would have done? Gentlemen, I trust that if I had been one of this Committee, or one of those to whom the Report was made, I never should have slept an hour in quiet till I had done something to restore the people to that state in which they might be able to brew their own beer. Mr. Hanning told the Committee that formerly the labourers used to eat meat and cheese, and now they have not even bread, but potatoes alone. When they heard that and reflected, as they must have reflected, how miserable that life must have been, and how hard it must have been to the feelings of the men, how could they have had rest or peace till they had set about an inquiry into the means of restoring meat or cheese to the men? Nothing of this sort took place in consequence of the Report. The Report was delivered to the Parliament, long debates were held on the Report, but the whole turned on the Corn Bill, and whether rents were to be obtained or not. No man in the House ever laid a finger on the evidence of Mr. Ellman or Mr. Hanning. Was there no Member out of the 658—no Noble Lord out of the 500, could lay his finger on these passages and say, Shall we not set about something to make the people better off? Not one ever started the subject. Not one ever took notice of these parts of the Report, which were, in my view of the matter, the only parts that were of any importance. That being the case they must resort to something else. Being apparently resolved to do nothing to restore food, raiment, and

comfort—being convinced from experience that thieving kept on increasing with poverty, and being resolved not to do any thing to lessen the poverty, they have recourse to—what? New punishments, new penal laws, and in this course they keep till the gaols are too small, doubled and trebled as they are.—(Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, in the days of our fathers, and until very lately indeed, going into a man’s field, going across it, going about it, taking that sort of liberty with it was punished by nothing but an action of damages. The Common Law of England gives a mere action of damages for the trespass. A statute in the reign of William III. made a malicious trespass punishable by paying the costs of both parties, but before that the Law of England knew nothing of any sort of punishment, other than the action of damages; and then if you did not obtain 40s. damages, you paid your own costs. I agree that in the present state of things, no man’s property would be safe, with no other law than that of the common law of England; mark, it is the distress of the people—it is the misery of the people—that has occasioned the necessity of a change in the law. The same with regard to the law as to poaching—as to sporting. Why, formerly, when the first game law was passed, a man who had 15*l.* a-year of our money, in house or lands, might keep dogs and go sporting. Now he must have 100*l.* a-year of our money. He is also subject to the punishment of transportation, or death, in case of violent resistance with clubs or arms! We have seen gaols filled to the amount of 15,000 persons at a time, for the crime of poaching. We have also seen several men executed—hung up on the gallows, for being tempted, in the first place, by poverty and by hunger, to kill those wild animals which God granted as the common property of all. Men have been hung on the gallows, for going armed with certain weapons for de-

fence, and either killing or wounding, or attempting to kill or wound some of those who came to prevent them from killing those wild animals, and to cause themselves to be transported. We have seen many hung on the gallows for that. What I quarrel with, is not the severity of the law, for if you agree that the present state of things, and the present taxes, are to continue, then you must agree that these severities are necessary. At last they are pushed to such an extremity, that it has become a felony to rob an orchard. Gentlemen, this is a monstrous stride. There is hardly any one of us present, at least of my age, and who has been brought up in the country, who has not robbed as many orchards—(laughter) as he has fingers and toes. We have all done it. But we are become so much more moral in this moral age, that the boys now must not do such things.—When I was a boy we all did it, and that without any exception of rich or poor.—(Applause and laughter.)—Look at the system—look at the thing as it existed then, when I was a boy, or any of you of my age were boys. Look at the system—at the state of things that existed then, and what exists at this moment. For going into an orchard and taking away a pocket full of apples, or half a sack full, the punishment was paying the damage which you had done; that is to say, paying for the apples, paying for treading down the grass, or breaking down the hedge, or leaving the gate open, or letting the cattle in. That was the utmost. There was no more punishment than that, except in certain cases, where the party had no money to pay, and he was delivered over to the constable, to have such a whipping as his father would have given him. That was the law when those of my age were boys. But since the starvation-system, or paper-money-system, since "commercial greatness" has swollen us up—since we have had Sunday-schools, and education, and Bible-societies—(hear,

bear)—since vast improvements have been made—(hear, hear)—it has become necessary to hold rather a tighter hand, and the law has gone on hardening and hardening, in spite of Sir James Macintosh; and curious it is that Sir James Macintosh has been presenting petitions, for about fifteen or sixteen years, for softening the criminal code.—(Laughter.) Sir James Macintosh has spoken, probably, a speech two inches wide, and as long as from here to the end of the room on the necessity of softening the criminal code, in order to amend the morals of the people, and in order to make the laws of the country in consonance with the improvement of the age.—(Laughter.) Sir James Macintosh has succeeded to admiration as far as related to the crime of witchcraft. He has got some laws repealed which caused witches to be burnt. The poor old witches are perfectly safe at this moment, though the boys must take care how they enter an orchard.—While this great softener of the Criminal Code has been at work in favour of witches, shutting his eyes to all other matters, other law-makers have been hard at work. They have been making the laws harder and harder on every thing you can mention. There is nothing on which the law has not been made tighter, but particularly in this affair of gardens and orchards. And they have enacted at last that to take any thing out of a garden or orchard, without leave of the owner, whether the garden be fenced or unfenced, walled or un-walled, signifies not, is a felony. Judge, then, to what a pass we are come. And what is a felony? What are the consequences of felony? We all know that felons may be hanged; we all know they may be transported, and there are no bounds in this case, it is all in the discretion of the Court—it is felony, and no particular punishment is awarded. Among the consequences of felony are these, that all the goods and chattels found to be his property, are, the moment

the felon is convicted, the property of the King. He can make no will, for he has no property to give ; he forfeits all his freehold lands for life, and for a year and a day after his death, during which time the King is entitled to them. That is the punishment which the mild, gentle, equitable, much boasted laws of England produce for the boy who enters and takes an apple out of the orchard.—(Hear.) Gentlemen, again I say that I do not quarrel with the severity of the law, if you insist that the Government shall uphold this system of paper-money and taxation, for without such, people will take what they can, wherever they can get it. In order to restrain them from doing it, comes the law, so dreadful that I shudder when I think it exists in that country, so famed for the mildness and justice of its laws. (Hear, hear). Nevertheless, even the severity of the law is not sufficient to prevent offences. The offences go on increasing. Resort, therefore is had to the enlargement of the gaols. The gaols are augmented in size, auxiliary gaols are built, several in every county ; there are those great improvements—penitentiaries, the treadmill, the hulks, every sort of vast improvement—every improvement or change that could possibly be thought of, has been introduced, in order to provide accommodation for this mass of criminals, and at last they find that all these accommodations are insufficient. A new scheme is therefore now to be resorted to, which has appeared before the public, and that is, the new Bill of Mr. Peel, that Minister of the Interior, of whom I will speak by and by ; that great improver of our financial system, that great payer off of debts and causer of the diffusion of gold, instead of paying money has introduced a new Bill for improving the criminal law.—(Hear, hear). It contains a provision for holding out rewards generally, to all persons, in every rank of life, in every part of

the country, but particularly to necessitous persons, to be the accusers, the detectors, the apprehenders of criminals. Now, Gentlemen, in my view of the matter, nothing can be so abhorrent to every principle of the Law of England, and every thing belonging to the rights of Englishmen, as a law like that. There are at present three or four cases in which the law gives rewards to persons apprehending offenders. That has always been deemed dangerous by men best skilled in the laws, and loving most ardently the liberties of their country. What can be more dangerous than to set one man to be a spy upon another? But if this Bill be carried into effect every man or woman who assists in apprehending or detecting, or causing to be apprehended or detected, any person accused of any crime, or brought before a Court of Justice, is to have a reward, in the discretion of the Court ; and that reward is to go to the wife, if the husband is dead, or to the children ; and if there is neither wife nor children, to the father or mother. Gentlemen, figure to yourselves the situation of the country—imagine what must be its situation, when the law holds out an inducement to men to cause their neighbours to be convicted of crimes ! But this also arises from what I before stated. It is impossible to make provision for the number of criminals—and this is intended to prevent the criminals being so numerous. By inducing persons to come forward, and be instrumental in detecting offenders, it is thought, to diminish the number of offenders and make more elbow-room in the gaols ! It never seems to have entered into the head of Mr. Peel, that it would be best to go back to the cause of the crime—to go back and inquire what makes the people so poor, so immoral, and so much greater thieves than formerly, although this law itself tells us by clear implication, that we are so degraded, we are such a mass of criminals, that it is

necessary to offer rewards to some of us to bring others to justice. Gentlemen, how comes it such great gaols are necessary; how comes it this England never wanted these great gaols, penitentiaries, and mad-houses before? how comes it? It is essential to know, and I here take the liberty distinctly to state, presuming all of you may not know, that such a thing as a reward for the apprehension of a criminal, or for information against a criminal, was never known of in England, was held in abhorrence in England, till that cursed year in which the Bank of England was first established.—(Loud applause). The Bank of England was established in the year 1695—that year saw the first law pass for rewarding an Englishman for being the apprehender of his neighbour. Nevertheless, I still repeat that it is absolutely necessary that even this should be; for if I were Minister to-morrow, and Parliament were to say, You must carry on this system of taxation—of paper money—this funding and taxing system—that you must do;—I should say, I will have nothing to do with it while you suffer the ancient laws of England to exist; dispense with these laws—give me the laws of Austria—give me some such laws as these—let me have robbing orchards to be felony, and let me have the power of paying one man to be the accuser of another—then I will carry on your system. And it is unreasonable to charge Ministers with these encroachments, if Ministers are to carry on this system of taxation.—(Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, we are accused of being revolutionists—of being designing men—(laughing)—men who want to overturn the ancient Constitution of the country, and all its ancient laws. Just the contrary. We want the ancient country and all its venerable laws. Look at this enterprising young statesman, Mr. Peel—this is a Gentleman elected by the University of Oxford—remarkable for his attach-

ment to sound principles of Government—remarkable for his attachment to the Constitution of the country—remarkable for his determination that he will have no encroachments on the Constitution. This very Mr. Peel is now going to repeal some of the ancient laws of England, as far as relates to criminal matter, from the reign of Edward the First down to the reign of George the Fourth. That, then, is your Revolutionist.—(Hear, hear.) What should we do any more, if we had our full swing?—(Laughter.) Could we go to work faster than that?—(Applause.) He begins in the 3d year of Edward the Third, with repealing a salutary law for not sending a person to prison for a pitiful offence. That law says, “No man shall be shut up in gaol, even if a Grand Jury find him guilty of a trifling offence;” so tender were the laws of our liberties. Mr. Peel begins with repealing that law. Burke says, the Constitution of England is to be found in the laws of England—in the whole body of the laws, and particularly the municipal laws. This comes, with a single sweep, and repeals a mass of the laws, from the 3d Edward the Third to George the Fourth; but he is not to be called a revolutionist, but a sound and constitutional politician. There is, however, an ancient law or usage, or set of laws and usages, which Ministers have not attempted or desired to tread upon—I mean the laws relating to rotten boroughs.—(Hear, hear.) To alter the Law of Orchards is conformable to the improvement of the age—to the enlightened state of the age; but, as to rotten boroughs, they must remain as they are. If we ask for alteration there, we are instantly termed innovators, who want to turn things topsy-turvy. Gentlemen, such has been the progress and effects of paper-money. It has, in the first place, produced poverty, such as the country never knew any thing of before. Of that poverty I have given you

several proofs. This has produced a mass of crimes such as never existed in point of number in any country but this. This poverty has made property of every description insecure, and yet no man proposes a scheme by which the evil may be removed. They go on adding punishment to punishment, new crime to new crime, new jail to new jail, but never think of removing the cause of the whole; and until the cause be removed, there never will be peace or happiness in England.—(Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I am afraid I have almost tired you.—(No, no; go on.) I intended before I sat down, to advert a little more in detail to the cause of our meeting here this day. You all remember that in 1819, the Parliament enacted they would certainly return to payments in gold and silver. In 1819, the Bill, you recollect, was brought in with all possible formality. They took, by their Committees and otherwise, five whole months to inquire into the necessity of it. I will shew you the result of their inquiries: it is a book, larger than the Testament. The Committee sat from February 1819, till June. Then a Report was made to the House, and, after due deliberation and long debates in both Houses, they passed the Bill; and when they had passed the Bill, they congratulated each other as heartily as I congratulate you to-day, and closed the whole by a declaration, on the part of the Minister, that now the question was *set at rest for ever*. They came to an unanimous vote, passed the Bill, which was the result of all the inquiries carried on by the Committee, and it is not amiss you should know the worthies consulted by this Committee. Among them were Samuel Thornton, an aged Bank Director; John Irving, one of the Bank Directors now; Mr. Gladstone, a most profound merchant of Liverpool; Daniel Ricardo, an oracle; Nathaniel Rothschild, who is more than an oracle; Isaac Lyon Goldsmith, one of the children of Israel; Alexander

Baring, not exactly that; J. Smith, a wise man; and last, not least, Hudson Gurney, as cunning a gentleman as I happen to know of. These were the conjurers, who assisted the other conjurers with their advice. Here is an account of the advice they gave (holding up a large book.) The printing has cost I am sure 10,000*l.* or 15,000*l.*! Here is the result of the advice which these conjurers gave—this is the Report on which the Bill was brought in. Parliament did it with the greatest deliberation, and the greatest desire to give security and stability to the finances of the country. This Report reached me in Long Island, in two months after it was printed and issued by the House of Commons, and with it came the project of the Bill, soon afterwards the Bill itself: and, in about five months from the day that the Bill was passed; five months from the conclusion of the Herculean labours of these matchless statesmen—these shining patriots, who had spent so many hours by day and night, studying how they might do honour to the country—in about five months after that, while the public, and especially, the *loyal*, were exulting at the false predictions that the Bank would never pay in specie again; while they were exulting in the disappointment of those malignant persons; while the public in England were enjoying the prospect of returning to that healthy state of currency which existed in the time of our forefathers. Just at that time I dropped my words from across the sea, saying the Bill never can be carried into effect, and if it is I will give Castle-reagh and Sidmouth leave to broil me upon one of the hottest of their gridirons, while Canning may stand by, if he likes, and stir the coals and laugh. (Here there was a loud burst of applause, most of the company standing up and waving their handkerchiefs.) Now, Gentlemen, have we not a right to rejoice? (Applause.) Have not all you a right to rejoice, who assisted to uphold me and enable me to

rejoice; for without friends it would have been impossible to endure that which I have endured on account of this great and just cause.—(Great applause.) We are all men who have had to withstand scorn, laughter, taunting, and injuries of a much more serious nature. I have known, I could say, hundreds of men, who have been kept in a state of depression, who have, in fact, been in a great part ruined, some of them absolutely, only because they contended that I was right. It is not in human nature not to rejoice under such circumstances. It is not in human nature to hold one's tongue—we should be base creatures, unworthy of any good fortune; it would be an affectation wholly unpardonable; we must be the grossest of hypocrites, if we did not on this occasion rejoice, and express our joy. Some may differ from me on other subjects, but if they agree on this great subject, are they not to join on this occasion? I wish no man to follow me through all my opinions; but on this subject there can be no difference of opinion. They committed the sin of Peel's Bill in the face of warning. In 1818, Tierney recommended the House to pass such a Bill: I said, If you do pass such a Bill, such and such will be the consequence; you cannot carry it into effect. This was a year before they passed it. When it was passed, they chuckled and laughed in their sleeve, and alluded to me, as far as it was proper for such great men. Lord Liverpool alluded to me, saying, that persons who were quite illiterate, frequently wrote upon the subject. They thought, after they had been going on very capitally for a year, O he is wrong! like a parcel of children, or an over-witted wife, who thinks herself wiser than her husband. "Frederick Prosperity Robinson" came with his report—that unhappy, that melancholy report—saying, it is not us, it is Providence has done it all! Like Malvolio, who wondered how the d—l his mistress could fall in

love with him, he was such an ugly beast: it is Providence who has done it, said he. Prosperity Robinson certainly had Malvolio in his eye when he made that speech. "Yes, yes," cries Mr. Robinson, "it is the Parliament that has done all. Then he continues, Where are the Reformers now? Before this there might have been some reason for the appearance of such persons. The circumstances of the country might have justified them in thinking that there was something wrong going on. But now what do they say? Let those persons look at the condition of the country now. Such was the language of Mr. Prosperity Robinson; and the contemptible, the bare-faced farce was carried on, even up to July last, when these Ministers had the audacity to put into the King's mouth such expressions, as that the prosperity of the country was established on a solid basis, and that it was increasing. Well, what happened after this? Need I relate it to you? The flood gates were broken open, all gave way, and I am sure it is not necessary to detail to you what took place since that. The system went to pieces; it appeared like a wrecked vessel on the waters, with nothing but a hulk and jury-masts, and God only knew what destiny it would take; no—I do not—(Cheers.) Gentlemen, I do not blame these Ministers; they have done the best, probably, they could. For my own part, I consider them unfit, not only to do the business of the nation, but even to undertake the concerns of their respective parishes.—(A laugh, and cheers.) What else can I say of men, who are continually going about from one thing to another, chopping and changing—saying to-day, that a poor man shall have it in his power to have a piece of gold, and to-morrow resisting a clause in a Bill which will enable the poor man to obtain gold under circumstances where he ought legally to obtain it? When I see all this contemptible veering about—this shilly-shally work—can I do

otherwise than express my opinion that they are unfit for the business which they have undertaken? Such, Gentlemen, is the state in which we stand at this moment.—Allow me to mention, that I have just heard that these Ministers have formed the determination not to extend the Small-Note Bill to Scotland. Gentlemen, all I can say is, that if they do not—if they carry the Bill in England, and do not include Scotland in the same measure, they will produce such confusion as we remember took place in New Jersey. But, Gentlemen, whatever we may say in other respects, there is one thing for which I thank these Ministers—I mean, for smiting down the rooks.—(Applause.) I will by and by take the liberty of proposing the health of these Ministers on that score alone. They deserve it, let me tell you, for they have done that for us which wiser men, perhaps, would not have given us.—(Cheers, and laughter.) For once, Gentlemen, their short-sightedness has done us some benefit; and, in that respect, what may we not expect from their future exertions?—(Cheers.) Gentlemen, I have detained you too long—(No, no); but, on such an occasion, I could not say less; less, at least, was not expected from me. Allow me then to thank you most sincerely for the honour you have done me by the way in which you have received me. I congratulate you, as I am sure there is no one present who is not here to congratulate me on this day. I thank you with all my heart. I hope and fervently pray that no man of you may ever suffer from the paper-system; and I hope and trust, that no one of you will ever have to regret, your having come here to-day to shew your friendship towards William Cobbett.—(The assembly rose, and applauded for several minutes whilst standing.)

After a pause, the Chairman proposed—

“THE KING, and may he once

more and exclusively exercise the prerogative of making money.”—(A laugh and cheers.)

Toast—“The industrious and labouring people, and may their food and raiment cease to be taken from them by the juggling of the paper system.”

“The health of Sir T. Beevor,” was then drunk with great applause.

Sir T. BEEVOR returned thanks.—He said that the only thing which had induced him to take a part in political affairs was, his anxious desire to promote the return to Parliament of the great political writer and great man, the triumph of whose principles they were that day met to celebrate. He had supported those principles at some sacrifice, for every relative he had in the world was opposed to them. He wished to allude to the subscription set on foot for the purpose of returning Mr. Cobbett to Parliament. He begged to say that it was going on steadily. There were now between one and two thousand pounds in actual cash in his hands. Besides this, there was a considerable sum promised—a sum which he could reckon—at least, the promise of it was as good as the promise of payment which was allowed to circulate through the country—the promises were far more valuable than those of the rooks.—(Cheers.) He was happy to say that his own county (Norfolk) was foremost in this subscription. Next to it was the Metropolis and the country fifty miles round. If every county in England behaved as well as Norfolk, they would not only obtain one, but six seats in the next Parliament. There was a reason for this; and he attributed it to the circumstance of the great sale of the Register in the county of Norfolk; for he would venture to say, that one, at least, out of thirty, of the Registers, were disposed of in that county; and he owned he was proud of the circumstance. He concluded by proposing the health of the Chairman, with as many cheers as they thought fit.

The health was drunk with three times three, and great applause.

Mr. Cobbett said he thought he would be unjustifiable in detaining them a moment after their having extended so much indulgence to him already. He would therefore propose a toast, which he did as follows, amidst shouts of laughter—“*Beef, mutton, pork, and veal, may they be again, as they formerly were, the food of the poorer sort of people in this kingdom.*”

Mr. Cobbett—Gentlemen, I should have followed up this last toast by another, which I shall now propose as a companion to it. The last one, allow me to say, was not of that *intellectual* character which suits this improved age—(Laughter and cheers); an age, be it observed, in which the gaols are so large, and the dinners so small—(Laughter.) The toast which I now give is of a more *intellectual* cast; it puts us more nearly on a level with the *wast improvement* of the time.—(A laugh.) Gentlemen, I give you—“*Potatoes, and potatoes alone, may they become the diet of those who still uphold the paper-money.*”—(Laughter and cheers.)

The health of Lord Folkstone was then proposed and drunk with great applause.

He then proposed—“*The Landlords of England; may they adopt measures to preserve their estates without resorting to a Corn Bill or a Bread Tax.*”

The health of Colonel Johnstone, M. P., was then proposed.

Mr. Wells (of Huntingdon) returned thanks in an able speech.

Mr. Cobbett—Gentlemen, it has been said and industriously propagated that I am an enemy to merchants and to commercial men in general. I am now going to propose their healths. We have been told that this country was not acquainted with commercial men till the time of Pitt. But, England had *merchants*, and honourable and wise merchants, and she had statesmen much too

sensible to babble about *free trade*. These men acted on an uniform principle, according to which they never regarded as *gain* any thing by which the *rival gained also*. I remember, for instance, one law of Henry VI. which provided that if woollens were sent abroad, nothing but gold should come back; and if the French sent wines to us, nothing but woollens should go to them.—(Cheers.) This is what I call *free trade*; this is a species of transaction in which both dealers cannot certainly be gainers. The only thing, on which I set any value, in Locke's writings, is a maxim of his, that the profit commerce of a nation does not consist in positive gain, but in making your neighbour lose.—(Applause.) Are we not, forsooth, to cry out against these men—against this pitiful race of statesmen, who hold out to us the notion that commerce may be so carried on as that all nations may gain? The thing is absurd. In former times the inviolable policy of the country was not to carry on commercial intercourse with a country unless we could *exclusively* gain by it. We all know very well that principles of morality are not very much encouraged according as commerce is cultivated. We know very well, for instance, that in this very city of London large sums were amassed by persons, natives of the country, by selling powder and ball in the time of war to the national enemy. We all are prepared to admit that the tendency of commerce is to make men regardless of the ties of country. Then, Gentlemen, in commercial transactions between nations there can be no equality—no reciprocity of advantage. The more powerful will, and ought to have the advantage. The principle between nations is, and ever will be—*might is right*. The bragging of this age would make us believe, that there were no *merchants* in England in former times. Why, a considerable part of the monasteries in this kingdom were actually founded by

merchants ; this was at least 400 years ago. I find, in looking to the records of such or such a monastery ; " founded by such and such a one, merchant, of London." Judge you, then, is the merchant of London a character of yesterday ? Let me say, then, I do not seek to injure the character, or destroy the reputation of the merchant. I shall, then, if you please, propose to you, " *The Merchants of the kingdom, and may they, like the merchants of former times, be renowned for their abherrance of gambling and trickery.*"—(Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the health of Mr. THOMAS SMITH, of Liverpool, the gentleman who undertook the charge of the *Registers*, in manuscript, which Mr. Cobbett sent over to this country, during his residence in Long Island."

The toast being drunk,

Mr. SMITH returned thanks. He claimed no praise for doing that which he believed thousands of his countrymen would have readily undertaken, had they been in his circumstances. But he had been always convinced of the mischief of the paper system. What else was it but the baneful paper system which had produced such an anomaly as this ; Whilst this country was subscribing thousands of pounds for the starving poor of Ireland, the markets of Liverpool was overstocked with Irish provisions of all sorts.—(Applause.)

The Chairman—Gentlemen, these Ministers of ours are not so much objects of admiration or gratitude ; but when they have done a good deed, though even if it should be by mistake, yet we had better take the deed for the will, and give them credit so far. Gentlemen, we have a right to thank them in part—to stand by them to that extent—for we find that they are censured by our enemies for the very thing which we think they deserve approbation for doing. They have laid the axe to the root of the accursed paper system. Let me propose then the health—I don't mean precisely the health of

the Ministers—but let us thank them for having intended to put an end to the worthless rags.—Toast : " **THE MINISTERS.** Thanks to them for their intention to put an end to the worthless rags, which, worthless as they are, can cause famine in the midst of plenty."

The Chairman then proposed, " *the health of Mr. Jones of Bristol.* (Applause.)

That Gentleman returned thanks briefly.

Mr. Wells then proposed " the health of Mrs. Cobbett and family."

Mr. Cobbett returned thanks.

On his retiring, many of those present got about him, and eagerly sought to pay him some mark of respect.

FRIENDS IN IRELAND.

THE following Letters will speak for themselves, and, therefore, there is no necessity of my making any remark upon the subject.

TO WILLIAM COBBETT, ESQ.

*Register Office, Suffolk-street, Dublin,
April 6, 1826.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I published the following notification in the *Morning Register* of the 8th of March :—

We have heard a wish expressed by many that a subscription should be opened in Dublin, for the purpose of aiding the effort to bring Mr. Cobbett into Parliament. We ourselves have a strong desire that this effort should be successful, and we shall be most happy to forward to the Committee in London, (with our own mite,) the contribution of any gentleman, whose feelings on the subject accord with our own.

I expect subscriptions from many persons, but as yet only one contribution has been placed in my hands. This contribution, however, is highly honourable to you and your cause, and when stating to you its amount,

and mentioning the name of the donor, I hope it will be considered that I take an excusable liberty in also making you acquainted with the sentiments, regarding the project of your friends, and your personal deserts, which were expressed in the letter that conveyed it to my custody:—

28th March, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I have requested Mr. Hart to send you 20*l.* as my subscription towards the election of Mr. Cobbett.—The smallness of the sum is more proportioned to my means, and the misery I endeavour to alleviate amongst our neglected and ill-treated people, than to my wishes regarding a person whom I think the ablest advocate of liberty in his own country, and of fair play to mankind in general. To Mr. Cobbett, all friends of Economy and Reform are greatly indebted, and the Catholics of Ireland owe him more than to any other individual in existence, with the exception, perhaps, of the most excellent Earl of Fingall. For more than twenty years his writings have been to me a source of amusement, and instruction in agriculture, industry, and politics.

I am, dear Sir,

Your humble Servant,

CLONCURRY.

To M. Staunton, Esq.

Lord Cloncurry, Sir, is one of the most popular men in this country. He is familiarly known by the appellation of "THE POOR MAN'S PEER." He has what would even be considered in England an ample fortune—but a fortune, ample as it is, far too small for his ambition to be publicly and privately bountiful. He is a man of high education, of taste in the arts, of well-exercised literary talents, and of powers of elocution which would entitle him to occupy a very distinguished place amongst the speakers of your House of Peers—of which, let me add, he would have long since been a member if he had not loved his country so well. We have very few resident noblemen; he is one of them. We have

still fewer, who from qualities, either of head or heart, are capable of being extensively useful in their residence; perhaps the most prominent of these rare benefactors of their country is this excellent individual. He is a practical farmer, living in a district in which he has spread cultivation, and, (in spite of some remarkable incentives to turbulence proceeding from the agents of authority) contrived to maintain peace; he is an encourager of arts and manufactures; a promoter of education and all sorts of industry; a good employer, a liberal landlord; and added to all, the dispenser of a magnificent hospitality. I feel that I sketch the qualities of the Noble Lord feebly and imperfectly, but I am anxious to put something upon paper from which your friends in England may be able to form some estimate of the personal and public character of the man who has thought proper to put his name at the head of the list of contributors to the effort to bring you into Parliament, which has been opened in this country.

I have said that I expect subscriptions from many persons. I am not in communication with Mr. O'Connell—but I only state what is known to most of his friends, when I mention, that he, from the beginning, declared his intention of becoming a contributor. I hope I do not take too much liberty in introducing his name here without any authority from himself—but reasons, which I need not particularly mention, suggest to me, that I should not suffer this letter to reach its destination without stating what are so well known to be his declared intentions, on a matter so interesting to Irishmen in general.

I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir,

Your very faithful and

devoted Servant,

MICHAEL STAUNTON.

To William Cobbett, Esq.,
&c. &c.

TO
MICHAEL STAUNTON, Esq.

Kensington, 12th April, 1826.
MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter to me of the 6th instant, including that of LORD CLONCURRY, has, as you may, indeed, well suppose, given me very great satisfaction. I could not be unacquainted with the many excellent qualities, which are well known to distinguish that nobleman; but, many and great as they are, the familiar appellation, which is cited by you, fully comprises the whole; for, when we have detailed and described the various abuses, corruptions, injuries, embarrassments, distresses, misfortunes, and evils of every sort, by which we are beset, we always come to the one, great, and dreadful consequence, namely, *the impoverishment of the main body of the people*, from which impoverishment we find proceeding, as branches from the trunk, that mass of crimes and of hypocrisy, and all those innovations on the law, which threaten to leave us not a vestige of the justly boasted liberties which our forefathers enjoyed.

To look back, and see the state of the country in the days of those forefathers, makes one hang the head with shame. Were they to rise from the grave, and see the present condition of the mass of the people; and were they to find, that no untoward seasons, no convulsions of nature, had produced this change, and that this was become our usual and settled state, they would call upon the turf again to interpose between them and the hideous sight. My ob-

ject, my sole object, in wishing to obtain a seat in parliament, is, the securing of a better chance than I now have of doing that, which might assist others in endeavours to bring about measures, the tendency of which would be to better the lot of the working classes, who now, in every part of the kingdom, are steeped in misery so abject as to make no reasonable man expect truth or honesty at their hands. To change this state of things is, and, for more than twenty years, has invariably been, my ruling object; and, I most solemnly declare, that, if I thought it impossible to do any thing towards the accomplishment of that object, I would, dearly as I love my country, quit her shores for ever, and leave to him who can tranquilly endure it, the disgrace of forming one of a community, in which it is felony to take an apple from a tree, and from which men are frequently transported for the crime of being fifteen minutes absent from their dwellings between sun-set and sun-rise.

I was, not long ago, far distant from this disgraceful scene: I was not only in a state of safety, but was surrounded by cordial and admiring friends; and by all those circumstances which tend to make life pleasant. But, unable to efface from my recollection the degraded state of my country, and thinking that I had the power to assist in her restoration, I followed the dictates of duty in preference to those of selfish enjoyment. I was by no means unaware of the toils, the difficulties, the dangers I had to encounter; but, when I saw the American labourer three times a day sitting down to his

meal of solid meat; when I beheld him well clothed and of lusty frame; and when I reflected, that he was descended from the same stock with the ragged and potato-fed skeletons that I had left behind me, my cheek burned at the cowardly thought of closing my eyes for ever without an attempt to restore them to happiness.

This attempt I have made, I am constantly making, and I now wish to make with additional means. If those means be placed within my reach, I can safely trust my heart, that my use of them will be such as not to disappoint the hopes and expectations even of the noble Lord, of whose commendations I am so justly proud. As to ill-treated Ireland, where, you are kind enough to say, the securing of these means is a matter of general interest, though no prospect of good to myself, no marks of her gratitude can add to the desire which I have long entertained of seeing her obtain justice at the hands of England, and though nothing of a contrary nature, were I to experience it, could diminish that desire, yet the circumstance which you state, with regard to the intention of Mr. O'CONNELL, induces me to assure you, that in no case whatever, and never less than in this, have I suffered private pique to lurk about my breast, when tendered reconciliation came accompanied with unequivocal and publicly avowed concurrence in the performance of public duty.

For yourself, my dear Sir, accept my best thanks for the manner as well as matter of your communication, and believe me to remain, Your faithful, and most obedient Servant,
W^m. COBBETT.

THE HUSKISSON JOB.

A CORRESPONDENT has reminded me of some of the adventures of MR. HUSKISSON's outset in the world. These I shall probably notice next week, when I propose to shew that Mr. Huskisson was very largely overpaid, without one shilling even of those two thousand pounds which have now been added to his income. It is not *mending the matter* to reduce the proposed five thousand additional pounds to two. It merely serves as a *gloss*. It merely serves to deceive the people. The five thousand was just as well merited as the two are; and the opposition, as MR. TIERNEY, very justly called it, is as much, to all intents and purposes, "*His Majesty's opposition*," as the Ministry is *His Majesty's Ministry*. The whole are, with very few exceptions, as the people at Maidstone told the unanimous Kentish Addressers, "*tarned with the same brush*."

PRICE OF CORN.

THERE are persons, who, seeing that the price of corn does not fall so fast as might have been expected from that decrease in the quantity of paper-money which has brought a considerable quantity of gold into the country; there are persons, who regard this as a sign, that the quantity of paper in circulation has not so much effect as I say it has on the prices of produce. In the first place, corn is very far from being the only produce of land. Meat, wool, hides, timber, underwood, cattle, sheep,

pigs, poultry; all these together are worth about *seven* times as much every year, as the corn is worth; and all these, including butter and cheese, have fallen more than one-fourth part in price, since *late panic* began. Then, in the next place, wheat alone, is not to be taken, but the six sorts of corn; and, taking the six sorts together, the price has fallen pretty nearly one-fifth during the last four months. Wheat itself has fallen more than a sixth, and lastly, we are to take into view the state of the supply, that is to say, the state of the quantity in hand; for though there were to be nothing but a gold and silver currency in the country; though the rags were to be completely abolished; though the King were, agreeably to our toast at the Feast of the Gridiron, to be again the sole maker of money

for his people; though this were to be the case, has any one ever pretended, that *short crops* or wet harvests might not cause wheat to be ten or fifteen shillings a bushel? We have not had very short crops, nor very wet harvests for some years past, but the squandering consumption of the two last years was enormous, and the supply in the London market of the last three months will clearly shew that the stock at present in hand is comparatively small. I am now about to insert a statement of three sorts of corn and flour sold in the London market during the first three months of 1825, and of those sold in the same market during the first three months of 1826. The statement relates to wheat, barley, oats and flour. The figures represent the number of quarters of corn and the number of sacks of flour.

<i>Wheat.</i>	<i>Barley.</i>	<i>Oats.</i>	<i>Flour.</i>
118,215	137,847	264,350	162,584 first 3 months 1825.
60,538	57,910	243,523	125,656 first 3 months 1826.
57,677	79,937	20,827	36,928 decrease.

Thus, the reader will see that the supply of wheat has fallen off nearly one half, and the supply of barley more than one-half. The supply of oats not much; but the supply of flour about a fifth. The question to be put to those who still cling to the hope that the currency can be diminished in quantity, that gold can circulate, without any great reduction of prices; those who cling to this foolish hope, the question to be put to them is this: *What would now have been the price, if the supply of this year had been equal in amount to the supply of last year?* Why, wheat would have been from five

to six shillings a bushel, instead of being at seven shillings a bushel, as the average account now tells us it is. But the farmer gets nothing, and the landlord gets nothing, by the seven shillings a bushel. The farmer has less to sell than he had to sell last year; and he receives no more money for it at seven shillings a bushel than he would have received last year, by selling it from five to six shillings a bushel. He carries home no more money at last, than, with his last year's stock, he would have carried home with the further reduced price. Away, then, with your hopes, you that

still dream, for the second or third time; you that still entertain the hope that Prosperity Robinson will be a true, and that I shall be a false, Prophet. I again say, that, to make gold stay in this country, without a very great reduction of the taxes, will make the sufferings of the country intolerable, unless the landlords choose to forego all rents, or, in other words, to give up their estates to the tax-eaters.

THE KING'S FEET.

I READ, the other day, the report of some speeches of enlightened operatives, who were met to consider of petitioning against the Corn Bill, the following words:— “If the landlords persevere in “imposing a tax on bread, we “will cease to make applications “to them for redress, and lay an “account of our sufferings *at the “feet of our Sovereign.*” If I were their sovereign, I would add one suffering to those which they already endure; for, to a certainty, one of my feet should give them a souse in the chops. Whence this servile language? It was wholly unknown to Englishmen before the days of God-save-the-King loyalty, which began about thirty-two years ago. *Majesty* and *monarch* were wholly unknown in England until after the Protestant Reformation. The King was called *his Highness*; and it is curious to observe that the moment the nation dropped that title, it began to sink in point of relative power, in comparison with the nations of the continent. The coxcombs now talk of nothing

short of *empire*. We have got an “imperial gallon” and an “imperial yard,” so declared by *Act of Parliament*; and, I verily believe, that, if “late panic” had not luckily come in time, we should have had an *emperor* this very year. New, numerous, and big-sounding titles, and adulatory language from the people to the sovereign, whether in poems or petitions, have invariably been amongst the signs of a sinking state. But, to say the truth, for labouring people to be ashamed of the honest names of *mechanic*, *artisan*, *journeyman*, and *labourer*, is just of the same character, and proceeds from the same cause, as this stuff about the King’s feet. It is a species of ridiculous pride for men to call themselves *operatives*, instead of using the well-known appellation of *journeyman* or *labourer*; and wherever such vain pride is discoverable, you always find it to have scurrility as a counterpoise.

“Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust.”

PROTESTANT REFORMATION.”

THIS WORK is now finished. It contains sixteen numbers, which may be had in loose numbers, at *four shillings*; or, any single number may be had for *three pence*; or the whole may be had, neatly bound in boards, for *four shillings* and *sixpence*. It was my intention to publish a *list of all the Abbeys, Priories, Hospitals, &c.*, divided under the heads of the several *Counties*, to give the date of the foundation; the name of the founder, the value of each piece of

property at the time of the seizure, and the value that it would have been of at this time; and also the *name of the person to whom each parcel of property was given by Henry VIII. and his successors.* Such was my intention; but I could not do justice to the work itself in less than the sixteen numbers of which it is composed; and this makes the price of the work four shillings and sixpence, a price much higher than I could wish it to be; because no reasonable person can expect that such prodigious labour as I have performed in the execution of this work should not be followed by some return of profit. To add the list of the monasteries in England and in Ireland, must necessarily increase the price full one third. I may, perhaps, publish this list in a separate state; but I cannot bring myself to load the work with it, which work I am extremely anxious to cause to be read by as many persons as possible. When Mr. CHARLES BUTLER objected to the passing of some vote expressive of Catholic gratitude to me, and *which vote, observe, was not passed;* at that time I entertained, but I had not expressed, my intention to write this history. This decision, on the part of the Catholics, did not prevent me from undertaking and performing this mass of labour. The *history of this history* is this: when in Long Island, I wrote a letter addressed to MALTHUS, the *check-population* parson, the letter was entitled "*The rights of the Poor.*" The object of it was to shew that his project was not more hostile to humanity than it was to the law of nature and to the laws of England, which had

always recognised the right of the indigent to receive relief from the land, let who would be the owners of that land. This led me to seek for proofs as to the principle upon which the poor were provided for in ancient times. I found, in the Acts of Parliament, and the Canons of the Church, the manner in which this relief was provided for in Catholic times. This led me to trace the change from the beginning of the Reformation, in the time of Henry VIII. to the enactment of the Poor-Laws in the reign of Elizabeth. As I was pursuing this inquiry, I saw what were the prices of labour, what the price of provisions and clothing, before the Reformation. I saw how happy the people then were, what a salutary effect the Catholic Church had with regard to their morals and their living. I knew how great and how famous England had been in those days, and I now discovered that her real solid wealth had been in proportion to her greatness and to her renown in arms; but, above all things, my mind became deeply impressed with the ease and happiness which the common people enjoyed in those days, compared with that wretchedness and misery in which I had left them but a few months before the time of my inquiries. I was stricken with the monstrous injustice of Protestant historians; I reflected on the numerous instances in which I myself had been the dupe of their delusions; and, while my mind was full of the subject, I determined to write something in order to counteract that injustice. I even said, in a Register written in Long Island, *that I would write a Church History of England*, which the

late Mr. PERRY regarded as an excellent subject for a pretty little laughing paragraph. The matter, though in some sort banished from my mind by the tremendous deeds of the system, in 1819 and 1820, was never wholly forgotten. The year after, the matter was revived by a very curious occurrence. The letter to Malthus, above-mentioned, together with several essays of mine, asserting the rights of the poor, having attracted the notice of some person (I do not know who); that person sent me a book entitled "The History of the Poor; their Rights, Duties, and the Laws respecting them; by THOMAS RUGGLES, Esq., F. A. S., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Counties of Essex and Suffolk." In this work I found a Preface to the Second Edition, as well as to the First Edition. The book that I had was, of course, of the Second Edition. In this preface to the Second Edition, I found a passage to the following effect: **MR. RUGGLES COMPLAINS THAT HIS WORK HAD BEEN TREATED WITH SILENT NEGLECT, ON ACCOUNT OF A PASSAGE CONTAINED IN THE FIRST EDITION.** Now, I beg the reader to bear this in mind, and then he shall hear **WHAT THIS PASSAGE WAS.** He OMITTED this OFFENSIVE passage in the Second Edition. He omitted it in the Second Edition, for this reason; because its insertion in the first, had caused his work to be treated with silent neglect; and because it had caused to be called in question *his principles AS A FRIEND TO THE HIERARCHY.* Now then, what

was this offensive passage? It was this, or at least this is his description of it: "that there exist- "ed an *equitable expectation* that "the clergy of the present day "would assist in the management "and domestic regulations of the "poor; because, **IN CATHOLIC TIMES**, they were not "only spiritual pastors; but dis- "tributors of relief to the distress- "ed **OUT OF THE REVENUES OF THE CHURCH.**" —There! That was the passage which caused this Protestant magistrate's book to be treated with *silent neglect*, and caused the author to be suspected *not to be a friend to the hierarchy!* —If any man wants more than that to convince him of the foul and base hostility which has been exercised towards the Catholics; if any man wants more than that, he is a willing dupe; he is no Protestant from principle; but from ignorance or selfishness.—The reading of this preface to Mr. RUGGLES's book renewed in my mind my Long Island project. Still I did not put pen to paper; but, after the sufferings of Ireland, in 1822, I began to read, now and then, at my leisure, and to set apart an hour or two, now and then, to think about the matter. I was quite prepared for the task when Mr. BUTLER begged and prayed of the Catholic Meeting, declared that he would go *down upon his knees* to them, if they would *not pass a vote of thanks to me*, lest they should give umbrage to some of their most *powerful friends!* The conduct of Mr. BUTLER, and the conduct of the meeting, had no effect upon me. I undertook my job, and I neglected it not for one day, until it was completed. Such is the history of the History

of the Protestant Reformation, which is now publishing in two stereotype editions in the United States of America, in the English language; which is now publishing in South America, in Spanish; which is now publishing by **MEQUIGNON**, a bookseller at Paris, in the French language; which is now publishing at Rome, in Italian; which a gentleman has written to me for my approbation of his publishing at Geneva; and (what I think ten thousand times more of than all the rest) which is now read by thousands upon thousands of sensible and just Protestants in England. It gives me some pain to reflect, that it would be great injustice to those, for whom it is my duty to provide, to publish it in England without a fair profit, such as is usually attached to a copy-right book. I have made it as low-priced as I can without going further than my circumstances, all things considered, would render proper. If those circumstances would permit it, all the people of England should read this book; or, at least, should have it placed within their reach. In order to do this thing well, I have laid aside more than one other thing, which would have brought me much greater remuneration for my labour; and, therefore, further sacrifices at my hands no reasonable man can possibly expect.—I cannot, at present, name any particular time when I shall publish the *List of the Monasteries*; but, as I said before, I cannot bring myself to decide upon adding to the expense of the book in any way whatever; so that, it may, as it now stands, be deemed complete.

ALDERNEY COWS.

I FIND, that, notwithstanding the "free-trade" law, these pretty, useful and convenient little cows are still imported; and I shall have some particulars to state, relative to them, next week.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending April 1.

		Per Quarter.	
		s. d.	s. d.
Wheat ..	56 5	Rye	37 10
Barley ..	30 11	Beans	34 9
Oats	22 4	Pease	35 6

Total Quantity of Corn returned as Sold in the Maritime Districts, for the Week ended April 1.

	Qrs.	Qrs.	
Wheat ..	34,027	Rye	205
Barley ..	21,172	Beans	2,746
Oats	26,771	Pease	1,050

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, April 1.

Qrs.	£.	s. d.	Qrs.	£.	s. d.
Wheat ..	6,768	for 21,003	13	3	Average, 62 0
Barley ..	4,063	..	6,868	2	9.....33 9
Oats ..	15,522	..	19,666	15	0.....25 4
Rye	29 ..		45 2	8.....31 1	
Beans ..	1,4452,572	1 11.....	35 7	
Pease ..	4641,890	17	6.....	38 4

Friday, April 7.—There are moderate arrivals of all sorts of Grain this week, except Oats, of which the quantity is large. The best samples of Wheat sold slowly at Monday's prices, but other sorts are extremely dull. In Barley, Beans, Pease, and Oats, trade is heavy at last quotations.

Monday, April 10.—During the chief part of last week the supplies of most kinds of Grain were moderate, but towards the close there was

a considerable accession to the quantity of Oats, a great part of which came from Ireland. This morning the fresh arrivals of nearly all descriptions of Corn are again moderate. There is much briskness in the trade for fine Wheat to-day, at terms rather exceeding those of this day se'nnight; and for all other qualities there is an improved demand, and a tolerable clearance made. The top price of Flour is expected to advance 5s. per sack.

Best Malting Barley finds buyers at last quotations, but other sorts are very dull. Beans that are dry meet sale freely at rather more money. Boiling and Grey Peas are unaltered. There has been a limited demand for Oats since last Monday, and the prices have given way a trifle, but upon the whole good samples cannot be termed lower.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from April 3 to April 8, both inclusive.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat...	3,830	Tares	—
Barley ...	4,222	Linseed ..	—
Malt....	4,912	Rapeseed.	—
Oats	21,463	Brank ..	10
Beans ...	834	Mustard..	—
Flour....	6,821	Flax	—
Rye....	—	Hemp...	—
Pease....	269	Seeds ...	25

Monday, April 10.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were 6,078 firkins of Butter, and 4,889 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports 4 casks of Butter.

Price on board Ship as under.

Flour, per sack	53s. — 55s.
— Seconds	48s. — 50s.
— North Country ..	42s. — 46s.

Price of Bread.—The price of the 4lb. Loaf is stated at 9½d. by the full-priced Bakers.

HOPS.

Price per Cwt. in the Borough:

Monday, April 10.—Our Hop market continues dull, the demand being confined to 1824's and 1825's, in which there is more doing. Complaints of flea have been received from Canterbury and several parts of Kent, the plants are at present too backward for them to do injury.

Worcester, April 5.—On Saturday 130 pockets were weighed; prices rather lower; average 9l. to 10l.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, April 10.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	8	to 4	6
Mutton ...	4	0	— 4	10
Veal	6	0	— 6	6
Pork	5	2	— 6	2
Lamb	6	0	— 7	0

Beasts ...	2,808	Sheep ..	16,520
Calves ...	126	Pigs ...	140

NEWGATE, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	0	to 4	0
Mutton ...	3	4	— 4	0
Veal	3	8	— 5	8
Pork	3	8	— 5	8
Lamb	4	8	— 6	8

LEADENHALL, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	0	to 4	0
Mutton ...	3	4	— 4	2
Veal	3	4	— 5	6
Pork	3	8	— 5	4
Lamb	4	0	— 6	0

COAL MARKET, April 7.

Ships at Market.	Ships sold.	Price.
48½ Newcastle..	31½	29s. 0d. to 37s. 6d.
8 Sunderland..	8	27s. 0d. — 37s. 9d.

COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &c.

Norwich Castle Meadow, April 8.—We had a large supply of fat Cattle to this day's market, with an exceedingly flat sale; prices 6s. 6d. per stone of 14 lbs.; and 7s. was obtained for the best of them, and a large proportion of them remained unsold; the supply of Store Stock was also very large; Scots sold more freely at 4s. per stone, when fat. Pigs selling at low prices, and many remained unsold.

Horncastle, April 8.—Beef, 7s. per stone of 14 lbs.; Mutton, 7d.; Pork, 6d.; and Veal, 8d. to 9d. per lb.

Manchester, April 5.—The supply of both Beef and Mutton to this day's market was short, and prime Beef sold at prices fully as high as quoted; in Sheep the quality was pretty fair, but short in quantity, at an advance in price.

At *Morpeth Market*, on Wednesday, there were a good many Cattle, and rather a short supply of Sheep; there being a great demand, they sold readily, prices much the same—Beef, from 6s. 3d. to 7s.; and Mutton, 7s. to 8s. 6d. per stone, sinking offal.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended April 1, 1826.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
London*	57 5....	32 11....	25 4
Essex	60 7....	30 8....	25 8
Kent.	59 6....	33 10....	24 9
Sussex.	52 6....	31 1....	23 2
Suffolk	55 0....	31 3....	25 7
Cambridgeshire.....	50 8....	27 6....	19 6
Norfolk	53 10....	27 6....	20 9
Lincolnshire	57 4....	29 6....	19 6
Yorkshire	54 3....	28 3....	20 3
Durham	56 6....	32 2....	28 4
Northumberland	54 2....	31 9....	23 10
Cumberland	63 0....	31 5....	22 6
Westmoreland	63 0....	38 0....	23 8
Lancashire	62 10....	0 0....	25 7
Cheshire	59 9....	0 0....	24 0
Gloucestershire.....	52 5....	33 11....	23 10
Somersetshire	58 11....	34 10....	21 4
Monmouthshire.....	56 8....	34 11....	23 6
Devonshire.....	57 5....	31 10....	19 2
Cornwall.....	59 8....	31 2....	24 3
Dorsetshire	56 9....	29 3....	22 5
Hampshire	55 7....	30 8....	25 0
North Wales	60 6....	34 7....	21 9
South Wales	54 10....	29 3....	16 6

* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.